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Every true woman will rejoice with the mother and maternal grandmother of the new heir to the Spanish throne. Queen Victoria's youngest daughter Beatrice received many snubs after she married the German prince, Prince Battenberg. She was a plain faced, old maid who seemed to have a hard row to travel compared to her more fortunate brothers and sisters. But now her daughter is queen of Spain and her grandson will be king of Spain if he lives. Beatrice's life has had a Cinderella tinge.

Captain J. P. Shaw and W. B. Stafford have hit upon just the right thing as a subject for a fair or festival in Oregon City. Clackamas county raises the best of all fruits in large quantities—150 acres or more—and in quality unsurpassed. Let's all put our shoulder to the wheel and boost the Strawberry Festival.

The United States supreme court has decided that states have a right to compel railroads to make connections with competing lines. That has little interest in Oregon where there are no competing lines. Still it gives us a better excuse for swearing when trains are late.

A man at Wilkesbarre, Pa., has been arrested for stealing a half dozen railroad rails. If he had wanted to be exempt from arrest he should have taken 3000 miles of rails. Ask Ed. Harriman.

The government bureau of labor has just learned that prices are higher than for 17 years. The man who pays the bills found that out long ago.

W. T. Stead says American wives are spoiled. The average housewife who works about 18 hours a day is probably spoiled by too much work.

Politicians are trying to guess whether Roosevelt is for Taft or Hughes. They don't have to guess whom he is against.

Costly raids upon flocks of sheep are being made by wolves in the Little River range on the East Umpqua, according to the report brought to Roseburg by Aug. Schloemann, of Oak Creek. So bold have the wolves become that they slay sheep in sight of the herders. One steer has also fallen prey to the varmints.

WANTS GROWERS NAMES.

Captain J. P. Shaw requests all growers of strawberries who desire to make an exhibit at the proposed strawberry festival in this city to send their names and addresses to him at Oregon City and in a week or two he will call a meeting to discuss details for the proposed festival.

W. W. H. Samson was out at Frank Grimm's three miles south-east of Meadowbrook, Saturday morning crying a sale.

Gently moves the bowers and at the same time stops the cough. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup. Contains Honey and Tar. No opiates. Best for Coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Satisfaction guaranteed. Children like it. Mothers endorse it. Sold by Huntley Bros.

FROM THE ARCH OF STARS

By Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier-Journal

THE RETROSPECTIVE.

To one who was born in a party camp and grew to manhood on a political battle-field, who can distinctly recall the circumstances and the personalities of the antediluvian period which witnessed the break-up first of the old Whigs and then of the old Democrats, the present situation in the United States presents many points of parallel and some of contrast; and surveying the field from the safe vantage of a philosopher's lofting on the farther side of the dividing Ocean, I cannot resist the temptation to pursue what some may think the phantoms merely of prejudice and fancy.

It is human nature, rather than history, which repeats itself. Men are largely the creatures of environment and like conditions produce like results. The process of reasoning by analogy may have its drawbacks, but for a long time the leaders of the Republican party, their character, course and conduct, have brought vividly to my mind the leaders of the Democratic party, their character and their course and their conduct, when it was a militant and triumphant party, charged with the government of the country during three short intervals from 1801 to 1861.

I need not encumber these pages with the Jefferson and Jackson legend. As Jefferson walked away with Hamilton and Adams, Jackson walked away with Clay and Webster. The party of Jefferson and Jackson had an easy thing of it until the slavery question became a vital force. Then there was trouble.

The extreme Southern leaders of the Democratic party boxed the compass on Van Buren in 1844. This lost them the succession in 1848. But, having plenty of reserves, they found in Pierce a radical States' Rights Democrat from New Hampshire, the identical "dark horse" that was wanted in 1852, and with him swept the country against Scott, who, though a Virginian, was black-balled as a Free Soil suspect. The defeat of Scott gave the signal for the Whig break-up. The Southern Whigs went largely into Know-Nothingism, the Northern into Republicanism.

The state of parties and public opinion on the threshold of the Presidential election of 1856 may be fairly compared with the political conditions at this moment. Old party lines and issues were disappearing. A single great issue had crowded them off the scene and was slowly but surely sectionalizing parties. That was the slavery issue. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise clause of the Kansas-Nebraska act, had cost the Democrats, led by the Pierce Administration, nearly all of the Northern States. The Democratic party stood for the Constitutional Right of the slaveholder. Property in man was as plainly recognized by the Constitution as property in houses and lands. The moral sense of the North, long stirred, began to revolt. The conflict became irrepressible. Things looked gloomy for the Democrats. But a party long dominant and in the saddle, has always a knave or two in its boots and an ace or two up its sleeve; so, when the Democratic National Convention of 1856 met at Cincinnati, the wise ones got together and did the wise thing.

They could safely nominate no one of the faction fighters who had been implicated in the queer politics of 1854 and 1855. Neither Douglas nor Cass, still less Pierce, was available. But, they had a man "hid out" as it were. James Buchanan had been sent in 1853 by Pierce as Minister to England. It was regarded a kind of honorable exile. He regarded it an honorable interment. It proved the making of him. He was the one leader of

prominence who had not been tarred by the Kansas-Nebraska controversy. He hailed from Pennsylvania, and Pennsylvania was indispensable to Democratic success. He appeared as clearly made to the party hand in 1856, as Pierce had appeared in 1852. So, he was nominated, and there was yoked with him a brilliant and handsome young Kentuckian, John C. Breckenridge, and the two of them, "Buck and Breck," carried all before them, securing the Democrats four more years of power. By 1860 the Slavery issue had become a prairie fire. The Democrats divided among themselves. The Republicans marched through the breach, and excepting for two inconsequential terms of Grover Cleveland, they had a rather easy thing of it ever since.

In place of the Institution of African Slavery read the Organized Wealth of the country. Just as the Democratic party was the friend of Slavery, is the Republican party the friend of the Corporations. Slavery had its Constitutional Rights and guarantees. So have the Corporations. Slavery carried things with too high a hand. So have the Corporations. As the moral sense of the North arose against Slavery, so is the moral sense of the Nation rising against the Corporations. In Harriman, with his dangerous and frank garrulity behold Robert Toombs, who would be satisfied with nothing short of "calling the muster-roll of his Slaves beneath the Shadow of Bunker Hill Monument."

The Democratic party could not escape Toombs. Can the Republican party escape Harriman? I scarcely think so.

The Democratic party was nothing if not the party of Slavery. The Republican party is nothing if not a rich man's party. Out of the Slave labor the Aristocrats of the South were accused of grinding their supposed wealth, although when the flag finally went down upon them they had little except their debts to show for it. Out of the Protective Tariff, the Manufacturers of the North and East have ground their vast fortunes, levying tribute upon the whole people, and making community of interest with the railways and other aggregations of organized capital. If another Mrs. Stowe should write another "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it would probably be called "Uncle Tom's Castle," with Rogers, or Rockefeller, cast for the role of Legree, Tom Lawson, perhaps, as "Little Eva." But can a Republican President reconstruct, out of the party of Privilege and Protection, a party of Liberal Progress, drawing to his side enough Democrats and holding to his standard enough Republicans to constitute a popular majority? Can a party change front in the face of the enemy? Concede that the Democratic party missed its opportunity, when it had it, and that ever since it has been floundering through a slough of uncertainty and vagary, can the Republican party appropriate to itself and apply successfully so much of the lost popular quality as it needs to rescue it from the taint of tainted company? It created the Monster Monopoly, invoked the Supreme Being of Steel and Iron, originally set up at the bidding of Pennsylvania—thence it has drawn most of its sustenance—can it now deny this, and, by a simple shifting of scenery and rearrangement of stage effects, unmake its man-made Maker? Is Theodore Roosevelt to be another Pygmalion calling out of the stone quarries of the Robber Tariff and the bronze scrap heaps of High Finance the living figure of the Star-eyed Goddess of Reform? Or will he prove but another Frankenstein, dragging down upon himself a demon of destruction?

This brings us to some of the contrasts.

Mr. Roosevelt has broken all the records. Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur long ago paled their ineffectual fires before him. He is a law unto himself. Nothing seems to phase him. Doing wrong things outright, or good things in the wrong way—backing and filling as the case requires—making issues of veracity with the proof against him—choleric in method, cynical in action—by turns a shifty temporizer and a rash assailant—a practical politician among the most practical politicians, a reformer among purists—inconsistent as a conservative, illogical as a radical—there still exists in the popular mind a fixed belief in his essential virtue; in his good intentions, his integrity and courage. His enemies would agree that if you offered him a bribe, he would knock you down. The good in bad men, the bad in good men, are sometimes magnified and sometimes denied; but here is a man who gets credit for good and bad alike, and, there is nothing so successful as success.

Yet, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the President is going to find Jordan a hard road to travel, and, in the end, if he is able to keep his par-

ty together and issue from the fray drums beating and flags flying, he will be fortunate indeed; because he can no more divert the Republican party from its nature, kill in it the reason of its being, than he can out-Bryan in the estimation of the Democrats.

If the country wants an overhauling of policies it will not go to the author of those policies for trained workmen and a chest of tools. The whole people may not be quite ripe for this overhauling. Or they may consider that the Democrats are not ripe for it. Thus, there may be one more victory for the Republicans in 1908, as there was for the Democrats in 1856. But this will have to be gained by a change of riders and a straddle, for the talk about a "third term" is the purest nonsense, lacking the President behind it and having defeat before it, a flagrant and hot-partyism which the patronage of esse cannot afford, nor the discipline in posse will not brook. The best the President can hope for in the next National Convention, in my judgment, is a dog-fall.

What is the Republican lay out? From a distance it seems to be this: Taft, entered by the President, first choice of the ladies and gentlemen in the Grand Stand; Fairbanks and Foraker from the Senate Stables, backed by the knowing ones; and a field of favorite sons; Uncle Joe Cannon, from Illinois, for all that may be in sight; Knox to hold Pennsylvania for contingencies; and the list of entries not yet closed. In sporting parlance, such appears at long range to be about the size of it.

There is material here for the widest and wildest guessing.

Eminent jurists make disappointing candidates. You may remember that before the last National Democratic Convention I said something of this sort about Judge Parker. It is equally applicable to Judge Taft. The President has overworked Judge Taft as a man of all work, made him too much of a fetch-and-carry. Those who still insist that Mr. Roosevelt is secretly conspiring for a third term might see a deep design in this. There are others who declare that he is under pledge to the Secretary of State rather than the Secretary of War. But great as Mr. Root's abilities and services must be conceded to be, the line which events have drawn upon the corporations makes the nomination of the most eminent of the corporation lawyers unlikely. I take it that the President wants the Secretary of War, that he means it, and that as surely as Jackson stood by Van Buren, Roosevelt will stand by Taft.

Whoever is nominated will have to beat Taft. It will be Taft against the field and the field against Taft. But let it not be forgotten that Fairbanks is in that field and that whoever is nominated will have also to beat Fairbanks. If the Republicans are true to themselves they will nominate Fairbanks.

The Vice President is an old, a cool and hefty hand at the bellows. He is the incarnation of orthodox and conservative Republicanism. Indiana is a pivotal state. What Foraker may do to Taft in Ohio remains to be seen. Even if Ohio goes back on Foraker, may not the country be a trifle tired of buckeyes? If it rejects Taft, can Taft still pull through a National Convention as Cleveland did? Less and less has the furor trick worked in these gigantic mobs, as more and more the trick has come to be understood. Two, even three can play it. The professionals prepare for it. In advance, they discount it. The wisest among the Republican leaders well know that the party is treading that narrow strip of political territory which lies between the devil and the deep blue sea. Concession and compromise is bound to be the order of the day with men invested with such transcendent responsibility. They will think long and work hard against an unreasoning stampede.

Every delegation in that convention will have its price, every delegate his tag. Factionalism will rise high, but it is unlikely to run straight. Taft? Why not Roosevelt himself? Fairbanks? Why not Harriman? Foraker! Why, anybody can beat Foraker. Uncle Joe Cannon? Good enough, but too old. Knox! Fiddle-dee-dee! Crane? A little shadowy. Root? Too bad we didn't! And so along the gamut of likes and dislikes, preferences and aversions a very ten-pin alley where men are set up only to be knocked down.

Our National Conventions are growing more and more like our race-courses where to the knowing ones there are few surprises. Being in France, I am going to buy "a Paris Mutual" on a dark horse I picked nearly a year ago—that is in June, 1906—though I see my "long shot" in beginning to show in the betting, to wit, Charles E. Hughes, Governor of New York.

I met Governor, then Mr. Hughes, familiarly in Providence during the 1906 Commencement of Brown University, which conferred degrees up-

(Continued on page 8.)

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